



AN
HEALTH
TO
CALEDONIA,

To the Tune of *Marin's Trumpet Air.*

LET *CALEDONIA's* Health go round
With Martial *Drum* and *Trumpets* Sound,
And that we may with Joy abound
Let each man drink his Bowl.

Confusion to all Villany,
All Success to our Colony;
Caledonia, Caledonia!

And may all dastard Knaves
Who grumble at their Countrey's Glory,
E're be Damn'd in future Story,
Hated alike by *Whig* and *Tory*,
And live eternal Slaves.

2.

TO all dare boldly hold their Faces,
Spite of Pensions and of Places,
Spite of Threatning and Disgraces:
Will ne're bow nor bend.

To all who will themselves oppose
'Gainst Forraign and Domestick Foes,
Caledonia, Caledonia!

As worthy Patriots.

May those who follow other Measures
Either Greatness or rich Pleasures:
Be ever balk't of Pelf and Treasures,
Reck'ned Rogues and Sots.

F I N I S.